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The Place of Pascal
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THE

Commonweal

The Case for Suburbia

Society's Half-Way House

by Neil P. Hurley

Communist Youth Festival

Report from Vienna

by Michael Harrington

"THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE" . . . . . An Exchange of Views
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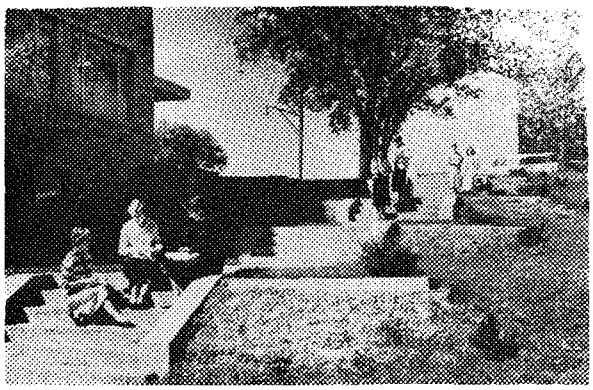

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THE COMMONWEAL
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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

CHANCES OF NUCLEAR CONTROL

FROM ALL ACCOUNTS, the advances in thermonuclear destructiveness, ability to deliver and powers of detection since the early days of American reliance upon the threat of "massive retaliation" have been immense. The Soviet Union appears to have made the greater strides, and present offensive and defensive capabilities of the United States and Russia are such that neither adversary could devastate the other without itself suffering widespread retaliation.

For many observers this "balance of terror" rules out the possible use of such mass-destruction weapons by either side. Yet resort to tactical atomic weapons, which for several years have bulked so large in American (and NATO) defense preparations, could lead directly to devastation by bigger bombs. How in the midst of deadly hostilities could one count on effective limitations on the magnitude or destination of atomic weapons?

It is for this reason, born of long conviction, that we welcome recent efforts to strengthen NATO's ground forces and their "conventional" armaments. The German contingent appears to be developing steadily. The Belgian divisions are undergoing a thorough modernization of their conventional equipment. General Lyman L. Lemnitzer, American Army Chief of Staff, is himself calling for modernizing our armed forces along similar lines, and the new Military Appropriations Bill makes some provision for shifting funds for this purpose. Other developments point in an opposite direction, it is true, but there is now a possibility that even our tactical A-bombs are to function as a deterrent against Soviet resort to similar weapons. If so, this would represent progress in the effort to control the destructive force which the United States let loose upon the Japanese and hence upon the world.

If our country revises its defense tactics in this direction—one which is advocated in the Democratic Advisory Council's Pamphlet on Defense, and receives some support in the Pentagon—it will mean a boost in national defense expenditures. It involves little cutback in the production of our wide range of thermonuclear arms, for these are expected to be kept up as deterrents. But the shift would mean large new expenditures for building up effective mobile forces equipped with conventional arms and ready to be dispatched as needed to help stamp out those "brush-fire" wars which may otherwise result in further subjugations or lead to greater conflicts. Would not the American people, if frankly presented with the alternatives, be willing to support the fifteen to twenty per cent increase in the military budget required for such a purpose? We are confident that they would.

THE PROSPECT of some measure of atomic weapons controls is another encouraging factor in this direction. The suspension of the Geneva test-ban talks of the three nuclear powers should not obscure the fact that in ten months of difficult negotiations agreement has been reached on a number of important points.

The chief stumbling block in these negotiations remains the unwillingness of the Soviet Union to submit to thoroughgoing inspection, but this obstacle tends to diminish with the progress of Project Tepee and other improving methods of detecting thermonuclear explosions from afar. And very recently the Soviet Union has agreed to the policing of such tests in the upper atmosphere by artificial satellites. Now the resumption of the disarmament negotiations suspended in 1957 offers a new chance to attain a self-policing agreement on monitoring future underground detonations.

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This whole question of atomic controls might well be one of the topics tackled during the Khrushchev-Eisenhower exchange of visits. And it should be said that it hardly helps to attempt to hasten matters by threatening to resume our tests after October 31. An agreement between America and Russia on policing further thermonuclear tests would constitute a great stride forward, and this should be our goal.

Such an agreement, well buttressed by mechanisms that would guarantee its observance, would still allow the possibility that France and China (and perhaps others) would conduct tests and come up with their own thermonuclear weapons. This eventuality, which would further contaminate the earth's atmosphere, would greatly complicate the problem of controls—so much so that certain Labor Party leaders are even willing to have Britain bow out of the "atomic club" if this would induce de Gaulle and his successors to forswear membership. (Moroccan and other opposition to French use of the Sahara as a testing ground is happily very great.) This problem must be worked out, as well as a feasible way of persuading Communist China to desist from similar activities—an accomplishment perhaps more attainable once the present atomic powers reach an agreement banning further tests.

With the weapons of destruction now available, establishing effective controls can hardly be easy. Security in the face of such threats is costly, and the burden on the American taxpayer due to modernizing and strengthening our armed forces along conventional lines will be heavier than ever. Main reliance on strong and mobile ground forces will not even release funds for constructive civilian and Point IV purposes immediately. But it adds up to a program which provides defense against Sino-Soviet aggressions without exposing the peoples on both sides of the Iron Curtain to unspeakable destruction.

STEEL GETS LETTERS

VERY FEW people are in favor of inflation, or at least few are explicitly so—a fact that the steel companies apparently realized early in their current negotiations with the United Steelworkers. Management's effort to win public support for its position, therefore, has centered around the argument that higher wages would mean, not less profits, but more inflation, and in public statements and advertising steel management has been portrayed as the protector of the common good, engaged in mortal combat with men bent on inflicting more inflation on the country.

From a public relations view, this technique may have been effective, at least in the short run. Viewed from a longer range point of view, however, industry's stress on the public's stake in the steel settlement may one day prove embarrassing, especially in any future Senatorial investigation into the steel industry's pricing policies. But at the moment management's anti-inflation crusade, like many campaigns against sin which do not get too close to home, seems to have had considerable success. According to the industry's current advertisement, which has already appeared in many newspapers around the country and which this week appears in our pages, the public is supporting the steel companies' "anti-inflation" position by twenty-to-one—whatever such a free-floating statistic may mean.

Whether the public would support the companies quite so enthusiastically today, however, is another and an interesting question. To steel executives, the recent necessity of releasing profit figures covering the second quarter of 1959 must have been something of an embarrassment, coming as it did right in the middle of their anti-inflation campaign. U.S. Steel, for instance, reported earnings of almost $255 million for the first half of 1959—as compared with $231 million in the first half of 1957 and $135 million for the same period in 1958. Earnings by the other companies are comparable. Leaving aside 1958 as a "bad year," Bethlehem's 1959 profits are up $20 million over 1957, Republic's are up $15 million, National's and Inland's rose $13 million. In general, announced steel profits for the first half of 1959 were the highest in history, amounting to $694 million as compared with $569 million in 1957—the previous all-time record for the steel companies.

Industry's economists can and do argue, of course, that some of those profits will go to expansion of plant facilities and hence that they are non-inflationary, whereas increased wages are, in their view, inevitably inflationary. But this is at best a rather sophisticated argument, and we would suspect that public support for the steel companies was stronger before the release of their most recent profit figures than it is now.

Some weeks ago we suggested that if the steel industry would publicly declare a ceiling on profits, labor would have to do the same on wages and prices could then be cut, to the benefit of the industry itself and of the nation. Representative

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Chester Bowles recently made a similar proposal in Congress, only to see it immediately rejected by the head of U.S. Steel. It would seem, therefore, that the strike will continue indefinitely, probably dragging on into September and possibly even October, and that it will be settled eventually in the way which has become traditional in steel, with wage and price hikes all around. By all current indications, at least, steel will remain an industry in which prices, wages and profits always go up, never down, and devil take the hindmost.

INTEGRATION AT LITTLE ROCK

HOW TO RESPOND to the recent events at Little Rock? The re-opening of the schools there, and the admission of a handful of Negroes to two of the city high schools, furnished grounds for a variety of emotions—mixed, shifting and contradictory.

Everyone is glad that the schools are open. Governor Faubus's foolish and vindictive decision to keep the schools closed rather than permit them to be integrated has been ruled unconstitutional in a Federal Court, and the beginning of classes for the new school year seems to mark the end of at least this stage of segregationist obstruction.

Good news, too, is the apparently widespread community determination to see that the law is carried out and to prevent a breakdown in civic order and education like the one Little Rock has shamefully suffered under for the past two years. Weighed against the support and encouragement given to Little Rock police authorities in dealing firmly with the die-hard segregationist mob, however, is the fact that this mob was estimated at about two hundred fifty persons, and that it took fire-hoses and nightsticks to break up the march on Central High School. The bitterness and hatred in the crowd's shouts and threats add up to something starkly ugly, the existence of which cannot be glossed over.

And in terms of progress in the integration of Little Rock's schools, what the new term brings is admittedly a "token." Two of the city's four high schools, previously all white, have now enrolled a total of four Negroes between them. It would be foolish to think that desegregation has occurred there is anything more than a symbolic way.

The road ahead seems a long and weary one, made longer and wearier for the men of good will by the obstacles thrown up by the racists, but some measurable progress has unquestionably been made. The steps just taken at Little Rock were small and faltering, perhaps, but they were steps in the direction of justice and peace.

MR. KHRUSHCHEV AND POLITICS

THE PRIMARY significance of the Khrushchev visit to the United States consists, of course, in its impact on the Cold War. But this momentous international event, like Mr. Nixon's trip to the U.S.S.R., is already having a significant effect on United States domestic politics, and the temptations to irresponsible politicking on the basis of the Russian leader's visit are becoming increasingly obvious—and alarming.

At this point, Governor Rockefeller of New York is the closest thing there is to being Richard Nixon's rival for the G.O.P. nomination. Ever since the Vice President's trip to the Soviet Union, reports have circulated that supporters of Mr. Rockefeller are endeavoring to use anti-Soviet feeling to forward their man's chances. Governor Rockefeller, it is said, is holding himself aloof from the Russians; he did not visit the recently concluded Soviet exposition in New York, and he is far from eager to associate himself in any way with the Khrushchev tour. According to the reports, supporters of Mr. Rockefeller are stressing these points in an effort to woo conservatives away from Mr. Nixon, particularly with an eye to "the Catholic vote."

After such reports on the activities of his partisans had started to circulate, Governor Rockefeller assured newsmen that he had complete confidence in the President's judgment on the Khrushchev visit and that lack of time rather than any political motivation had prevented his appearance at the Soviet exposition in New York. Mr. Rockefeller is not, of course, responsible for everything his supporters do, and some may even feel that for Richard Nixon to be on the receiving end of such a campaign is only poetic justice, since it is not so long since he himself specialized in such dubious political practices. But the matter is too serious for such feelings to be permitted to prevail.

Although men of good will cannot, we think, disagree about the record and nature of Soviet tyranny, they can disagree about the wisdom of the impending Eisenhower-Khrushchev visits. However, the decision to proceed with these visits was taken by the Administration after sober consideration of the advantages and disadvantages to be gained by such an exchange. Those who disagree

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with the Eisenhower reasoning in this matter are clearly entitled to state their opinions, in an honest and serious fashion. But this expression of disagreement should not include any implication that Mr. Eisenhower or Mr. Nixon have somehow become "soft on Communism."

To our mind, such attempts to turn international tensions to domestic political gain are highly irresponsible and not in the national interest. No candidate for high political office should countenance them. Indeed, we are inclined to think that such tactics might conceivably backfire very seriously. A few years ago, it is true, almost any charge that someone was "soft on Communism" was a usable political weapon. But we like to think that the American people have learned a good deal since those days. If they have not, the already difficult task of those directing our foreign policy will become impossible.

DON STURZO

THE HONORS shown Don Luigi Sturzo in his last years crown a career that was extraordinary. He has been a life member of the Italian Senate since 1952 and universally revered in his country as the founder of the Christian Democratic Party. During his last illness Italy's present political leaders made many visits to his bedside, while Pope John sent him a special apostolic blessing and numerous consoling personal messages. Don Sturzo's death at the age of eighty-seven on August 8 was widely mourned.

It was shortly after his ordination that the young Don Sturzo, a native of Sicily, went to Rome to pursue higher studies in philosophy at the Gregorian University. The year was 1895. In the course of a parish visitation he was shocked by the wretched living conditions he encountered in the workers' quarters of Rome. This led directly to the beginning of his lifelong social apostolate.

When he returned to teach in the seminary in his chronically impoverished Sicily, Don Sturzo took the initiative in organizing rural credit banks and artisans' mutual aid societies. He then formed workers' leagues, cooperatives and effective municipal organizations in various Sicilian towns. He also led a strike of 80,000 peasant laborers. In 1905 Don Sturzo was elected vice-mayor of his native Caltagirone by the local Christian Democrats, and then began the arduous task of laying the foundations on a national basis for his Popular Party, stressing workers' organizations, cooperatives, progressive income taxes and agrarian reform.

When Benedict XV became Pope at the outset of World War I, he appointed Don Sturzo general secretary of the Central Committee of Italian Catholic Action. Somewhat later in this period Don Luigi helped to found the Italian Confederation of Christian Workers, which in a very short time challenged the Marxist unions by building up a comparable enrollment of its own.

The Popular Party continued to grow in strength during those war years. As Don Sturzo envisioned it, it was not to be a confessional organization but rather an independent political party motivated by Christian social principles—influenced but not controlled by the Church. This forerunner of the present Christian Democrats achieved its greatest success from 1919-1922 when as a "parliamentary Center group of a Christian character" it held almost a fifth of the seats in the Italian Assembly.

Mussolini brought all this to a close, and by 1926 had banned the Popular Party outright; three years later its doom was sealed when the Lateran Treaty was concluded. Don Luigi Sturzo's long years of exile had begun. But these, too, were extremely fruitful years. He returned to his studies and writing on social and political philosophy, bringing into play three decades of the most intense practical experience. He turned to his new endeavors with zest; he resumed his labors on sociological theory, which he once singled out as "the secret work of my whole life."

In his latter years of exile Don Sturzo was confined to his room in Brooklyn, N. Y., as a semi-invalid. There he offered Mass, received a stream of disciples and other visitors and continued his studies and extensive writing on social philosophy and contemporary issues. Probably the best-known of his many volumes is entitled *Church and State;* also typical of his concerns were such works as *Italy and Fascismo* and *Politics and Morality*.

Don Sturzo was an amiable and witty conversationalist whose sprightliness in personal exchange belied the solidity of some of his more scholarly works. As an ardent democrat he consistently opposed dictatorship of both Right and Left in all its forms. Long a friend of The Commonweal, he contributed some twenty articles to our pages, chiefly in the embattled 1930's and 1940's. Despite his physical frailty Don Sturzo crowded into his career enough activity on behalf of the common good to fill several lifetimes. He will long be cherished as an inspiration by men who continue the good fight against political and economic tyranny, and for civil and social justice. May he rest in peace.

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The Case for Suburbia

It must be remembered that suburbia never pretended to redeem man completely from urban and technological influences

by NEIL P. HURLEY

IT WAS ONLY a few years back that the postwar hegira to the Mecca of suburbia was being heralded as a fulfillment of the utopian regionalism which people like Lewis Mumford and Frank Lloyd Wright had been urging for decades. Now, however, the popular commentaries on this phenomenon are revealing a distinctly less optimistic tone.

In charting the dimensions of a revolution which in the past ten years has uprooted the fantastic number of twelve million citizens from their urban moorings, our social analysts detect some ominous writing on the wall. What David Riesman did in fluoroscoping the American urbanite in *The Lonely Crowd,* William H. Whyte, Jr., did for the typical suburbanite in *The Organization Man;* A. C. Spectorsky has inventoried the mores of *The Exurbanites;* John Keats has indicted the "bulldozer-and-ready-mix concrete" era in *The Crack in the Picture Window* and, in *The Insolent Chariots,* blamed the auto for unraveling the fabric of our social organization and replacing it with monotonous patches of homes dabbed onto a mechanically smoothed-out landscape. Wilfred Owen's *Cities in the Motor Age* has echoed this concern, and the editors of *Fortune,* in "The Exploding Metropolis," have presented a chilling description of suburbanization as a methodical scarring of the American landscape with super-highways, shopping centers, rural manufacturing sites, sleazy highway bargain bins and dormitory clusters.

Perhaps the most serious charge regarding suburbia concerns the personality profile which a monotone environment is shaping. "Suburbia" means many things, of course—the industrial suburb, the transitional suburbs where young couples begin the game of "leap-frogging" beyond urban complexes, the mass-fabricated communities, soon to degenerate into slums —and one must be careful not to oversimplify a quite complex problem. Still, within any given suburb one finds such a remarkable consistency in architecture, social outlook, level of income and community interests that one can rightfully categorize suburbia as monotonic. Today entire generations are growing up with no vital contact with city life. They are the products of neither a rural milieu nor an urban one, but of a new phenomenon called "subtopia," a monster that is devouring in its bulldozer jaws some three thousand acres of green countryside daily.

IN ATTEMPTING to balance the charges against suburbia, one must strive to reconcile the "short" and "long" views of history. What appears in our contemporary observation to be merely a rash of faceless communities turns out to be, in the "long view," quite a healthy corrective to the jungle growth of cities in the period after the Industrial Revolution. Population shifts, we know, are as old as the nomadic tribes which wandered about seeking new sites for fishing, hunting and berrypicking, but what is new about suburbia is that for the first time since the appearance of the metropolis large numbers of people can cross city limits. Now people can vote against urban life.

And the seventeen million Americans who reside in city dwellings beyond rehabilitation have centrifugal forces working in their favor which their nineteenth century counterparts did not have—forces such as the automobile and the truck, the concrete highway, new sources of energy and new means of instantaneous communication. Technology has enabled the hinterland to compete with the core city and, by drawing off population pressure, has given the core city an opportunity to re-build according to more modern views of urban planning.

This phase of urban redevelopment engenders a widening of options, for it means that the modern American can also vote for the city against the hinter-

Father Neil P. Hurley, S.J., is a newly ordained priest who is now studying in Europe.

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land. A balance of power is being formed between the urban center and its periphery—a very important fact that "short view" critics sometimes tend to forget.

It is charged that suburbia is not free from the very evils of technology and urban life which suburbanites sought to escape when they left the metropolitan area. But suburbia never pretended to redeem man completely from urban and technological influences; it is only in the literature of real estate agents that one is promised bucolic bliss.

Any realistic view of suburbia as a phenomenon of mass migration must acknowledge that only technology could have made it possible. If suburbia has offered family life greater possibilities for development it is because suburbia is a step in the direction of a biotechnical civilization, with technology not eliminated but subordinated to more organic rhythms.

Moreover, suburbia has never claimed to be more than a "twilight zone" for people who, while reaping the opportunities of urban employment, wanted to focus family life in a habitat that offered more space and intimacy. The patio and the barbecue pit mark the other side of the coin of commuting and spiraling tax rates. Too many critics of suburbia are apt to ignore the "compromise" type of existence found there and begin a dirge about the land of blue jeans, supermarkets and power-mowers as if these were in themselves symbols of spiritual decline.

Nevertheless, granting that some of the literature about suburbia is shot through with nostalgia and a lack of reflective judgment, there are perceptive studies of this development in the category of the "short view" which deserve serious consideration. For instance, criticism of the lack of direction and vision in the hasty suburbanization process, leading to an irreparable loss of opportunities, is only too well-founded.

OBVIOUSLY, man's wants are unlimited and the resources of nature finite; therefore the diverting of capital and labor in *this* channel precludes the use of these factors in *that* channel. And who makes the important choices in our economy? In a complex credit economy the choosing of building sites and the direction of social goals are in the hands of contractors, real estate operators and those involved in the initial financing of new developments—including, in the huge postwar demand for homes, the fly-by-night, marginal producer. The generally prevailing notion that satisfying individual wants automatically adds up to social health is, regrettably, simply not true. Society is, after all, not just the individual writ large.

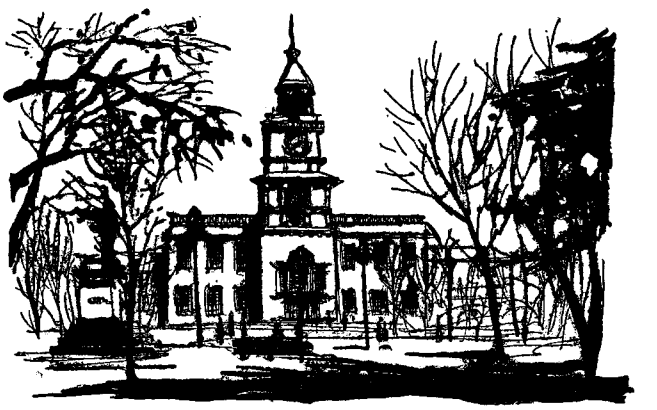
An eminent English archiect, Sir Hugh Gasson, offers a caustic explanation of our dwindling social capital reserve. He cites "the resistance of a highly competitive society to any sort of planning or control, the faith that economics determines our environment and is too sacred to be questioned, the belief that land is a source of speculation and that whatever promises wealth is therefore good." And linked to these, according to this critic, are the American belief that "advertising and exploitation and industrialization are barometers of prosperity and therefore of human happiness" and, finally, "the old pioneering attitude that there is always plenty of room over the hill and if you do make a mess, well, move on and leave it to somebody else to clear it up."

This suburban blight, it has been pointed out, goes hand in hand with the existence of nineteenth century city charters and municipal boundaries that are utterly inadequate to meet the exigencies of communities which are spreading like so many giant oil stains. Suburbia has produced a government vacuum, according to Luther Gulick, wherein neither municipal, county, state nor national authority has undertaken to do those things that urgently need to be done. Thus the growing dearth of public services that the rushing wave is leaving in its wake.

No one can survey the more virulent forms of man-made ugliness that are appearing on the American landscape without concluding that there is much truth in these complaints. Endless miles of suburban housing draped in wires and cables, shacks and billboards, rotting car cemeteries and decayed building lots would seem to testify that, if America is the land of opportunity, it is also the land of lost opportunities.

The Cassandras of suburbia, after careful study of the salient influences there, are warning against the possibility of a new race of Americans, adept in social skills and dedicated to life adjustment. What can we expect, they ask, from a generation which is raised and absorbed in the thought of possession and status, cut off from the rude contact with the socially underprivileged who comprise society's "submerged tenth?"

This problem will grow even more acute. *Fortune* has said of suburbia that it is "teeming with new wants and appetites, taking prosperity for granted, borrowing easily and saving (when it does) only to facilitate spending." It is this easy spending that is the solvent



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of the old fabric of our society and possibly the generator of illusion. Lionel Trilling in *The Liberal Imagination* has observed that "after a certain point quantity of money does indeed change into quality of personality." He was talking of the very rich, but we must not forget that as a nation we are very rich. Not only is the American landscape and the traditional way of life of the U.S. in a state of "becoming" but the national character as well. Social psychologists are right to voice concern for the new personality evolving out of the suburban ferment.

YET THE suburban phenomenon need not be considered merely a negative proceess. It may not be the ultimate in rural residence, but we should not expect suburbia to achieve perfection. Professor Louis Wirth of the University of Chicago once said that most people in a metropolis spend a considerable time traveling from a place where they don't want to live to one where they don't want to work. At least in suburbia people have the advantage of electing a place where they prefer to live—a solution to only one-half of the distasteful dilemma, to be sure, but a step in the right direction. Further progress in this direction now requires the ministering intelligence of man. Lacking this, such neutral achievements as swift transportation, instantaneous communication, rich sources of chemical, electrical and atomic energy and the newly developed automatic techniques will not yield up the humanistic values which only man can draw out of them.

Certainly, the national endorsement of suburbia is a blessing if we consider the decentralization movement as a counterforce to nineteenth century centripetal forces which served to pull population clusters in around mills and factories. Yet we must not allow the "long view" to obscure the social waste of needless density, unnecessary sameness, the avoidable transportation tie-ups which baffle commuters daily. And whatever affects the biological substratum of the human personality affects in part the total composite of body and soul.

No matter what we think of it, suburbia is definitely here to stay. Highway appropriations by the federal government are thirty times as great as urban renewal funds. The F.H.A. shows decided partiality to the suburban home-owner, as does almost all state and federal legislation concerning housing requirements. In addition, the local government coffers of suburbia are receiving funds from federal-grant programs such as public welfare, school lunches, employment security, school operations in defense areas, hospital construction, and many others.

Suburbia's prophets of gloom may have overstated the case, but we should be grateful for their warning that a new bio-chemical life can be wrought only from the conviction that there is a value in order, lucidity and the passionate pursuit of standards of beauty. There is a vast amount of work to be done: social psychology and urban planning are relatively young disciplines; we are only now catching a glimpse of the degree of cooperation among government, business, the universities and the churches that will be needed to insure a stable society with a sturdy national character.

Despite the dearth of empirical data, however, and the lack of adequate working concepts to order these data, suburbia's problems are not insoluble. Indeed, the frightening dimensions of these problems are only the measure of the rich social promise that can be fulfilled—if we meet them in a resourceful way.

TESTAMENT

1

I love you. Let my testament
be tall as water falling from
a rock of psalm,
and be more reticent

to tell on sherry red that whirls
the vein to wildness, and then go
the way of snow
along my level sills.

2

I love you, and you never hear
the word. Essentially the love
that I would give
is shy as watered fire:

I claim you as I claim a star,
a silence, or a roll of sea.
(In Avila
I could not love you more.)

3

Cascades of dogwood poured from nooks
in May have flashed your image where
I touch desire.
But I have found no locks

to bar you, and before you pass
my room of longing and of wine
you stop to join
Narcissus in the glass.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP.

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Communist Youth Festival

by MICHAEL HARRINGTON

AT FIRST GLANCE, the Seventh World Youth Festival for Peace and Friendship in Vienna during late July and August looked like a collegiate mock convention. There were parades, debates and endless intrigue, particularly in the American delegation. Offices of groups opposed to the Festival, (among them the Austrian Students, the Catholic Youth, the International Union of Socialist Youth, and an independent committee from the United States) were spotted all over Vienna and carried on a brisk business in raising questions scrupulously ignored by the Communists who organized the meeting.

In this perspective, the Festival was a bit of youthful high-jinks played out in the baroque capital of the Hapsburgs and centered just behind the famous Prater ferris wheel of Carol Reed's *Third Man*. But there was another dimension. It could be glimpsed in the high seriousness with which the Communists organized to defend the Festival grounds at Messegalände against the intrusion of too much information on Hungary and Tibet and against free discussion in general. Despite this, it was possible in conversation for non-Communists to gain information and to make young people aware of the aspects of Peace and Friendship which were not discussed in any of the official meetings of the Festival.

Probably the most important single advantage of the Festival—to one who attended as an observer rather than a delegate—was that it offered an excellent vantage point for viewing the political struggle taking place in the world today. Each Communist nation's delegation was a mirror of both its regime and the opposition to it; each African and Asian group afforded an anticipation, and often a pessimistic one, of the future in the underdeveloped countries.

The coverage in the American press which reached Vienna during the Festival tended to concentrate on the surface of the event. The fight within the American delegation, for instance, was simplified by most correspondents into a struggle between Communists and anti-Communists. In part, this struggle did point out the obvious Communist domination of the affair. Those who rebelled against the official Festival committees did so in the name of making the American delegation a group of independent participants who would not be used as a passive instrument of Festival propaganda. But, at the same time, this opposition was not too well organized, and it left many, including anti-Communists, with the feeling that the dispute was between two factions of intransigents. Although this operation (and the unseen hand of the American Government brooded over the debate) made a resounding impression in the American press, to many of the non-American participants it seemed eventually to become an endless tempest in a tea pot.

More significant was the skill with which the Communist organizers welded together their propaganda manifestations. Indeed, the echo of Nazi rallies was unmistakable. Thousands of young people paraded down the streets carrying slogans, flowers and peace doves of foam rubber, shouting *"Frieden und Freundschaft"* in hypnotic cadence. Or groups of young Arab students, inevitably clutching their national flag with evident pride and passion, would roam the Festival area intoning their catch words over and over. Everywhere there was an impression of compulsive fellowship, and at the Festival dances camera crews cut their way through the crowd to photograph every interracial couple they could find.

THE FESTIVAL FORMULA was quite simple. Under the banner of "Peace and Friendship" the thousands of young people present had their attention directed to every movement engaged in fighting Western domination—Algeria, Kenya, Nyasaland, etc. Those who attempted to raise the question of Communist oppression were ignored, hushed or, in one case at least, sent to the hospital. In the last instance, a young Scottish participant smuggled a sign on Tibet into a Festival parade and was beaten by Communist thugs. Had the convention taken place behind the Iron Curtain, the gross simplifications of the Festival organization would probably have succeeded. But in Vienna the various groups with information programs, as well as delegates inside the Festival itself, were able constantly to challenge the official Communist line.

But all of this, however exciting and dramatic, was the least important aspect of the Festival. The real significance of what was going on emerged in conver-

Mr. Harrington, a frequent contributor to these pages, recently returned from Europe.

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sations with the various delegations. Here there was much more than a youthful debate on international politics; here there was the opportunity for swift insight into the world political struggle.

The Communist delegations resembled their governments. Thus, the Polish students at the Festival were probably the freest of the Iron Curtain groups. They roamed the streets at will, engaged in incessant talk with all comers, and regularly made private concessions to democratic criticism. When confronted with the suppression of *Po Prostu,* the opposition journal of the Polish youth, more than one Polish delegate was willing to admit that it had been a serious blow to change in the country. The Russians, many of the Poles made it clear, remain in Poland against the opposition of a huge section of the population, including many members of the United Workers Party itself.

The Poles were striking when contrasted with the Russians and Chinese. An elaborate security system was erected in Vienna to cut off contact between Russian and Chinese young people and those from non-Communist countries. Conversations were held under official auspices and watchful eyes, and the living quarters of the Russian and Chinese delegates were, for the most part, carefully placed so as to be quarantined from the literature and conversation which managed to penetrate the Messegalände security curtain. Those whom one could encounter outside of the official meetings were usually trained propagandists. "I am an average Soviet citizen," one of them told me in flawless English, "I work in the Soviet press project on the United Nations."

The Hungarian delegation was another matter. Under an obvious cloud and suspected even by many of those who were in sympathy with the Festival organization, they approached the Americans with a calculated heartiness. Where a Pole would become embarrassed when the question of the official line on the Hungarian Revolution was raised, the Hungarian delegates presented the government position with a straight face and without even a hint of deviation. Most of the Hungarian delegates were said to be well-paid members of the Communist elite—professionals, actresses, and so on—with an obvious stake in the system.

In at least one case, that of the East Germans, it was the oppositional tendencies which were most interesting. The representatives of one of the most Stalinized Communist movements in the world, the Free German youth were carefullly organized, and carried out obvious propaganda maneuvers without too much finesse (the inevitable resolution of some of the East and West German delegates called for Peace and Friendship on the basis of the official Soviet proposals). And yet, in private conversations, when these were possible, there was a glimpse of the discontent which periodically erupts in the East German universities. There were guarded admissions, even some statements of basic and fundamental hostility to the regime. These discussions were, however, hard to come by. As with the Russians and Chinese, the East German delegation was under careful watch.

In a sense, the general feeling projected by the way in which the Communists handled the youth delegations from their own countries was one of insecurity and fear. In part, this was based on the knowledge that some of the Communist youth delegates were actually in opposition to their governments. In part, it seemed a function of a pervasive fear of any contact with criticism, with information on subjects like Hungary and Tibet. This was least true of the Poles, who stood out among the Communist delegations; it was most true of the Russians and Chinese. For all of the changes that have taken place in the post-Stalin era, the Vienna Festival made it clear that the Communists continue to regard the students and young people as one of the most dangerous strata of the population.

THE FESTIVAL made an enormous play for the Asians, Africans and South Americans. Many delegations from underdeveloped countries were carefully commissared, it became clear. For example, I was unceremoniously evicted from the headquarters of the Lebanese delegation as soon as it was discovered that I was an American. With these delegations, often enough led by students who had just spent some years in Moscow or in Prague, contact with the rank-and-file member was difficult, if not impossible. Even when such contact could be achieved, the obvious delight of the delegation members when the leader scored some point against a critic of Communism was quite unsettling.

Indeed, one of the most forceful impressions which the Festival made was that there now exists a well trained Communist cadre in almost all Middle Eastern countries and in some of the African nationalist movements. The young people who appeared at Vienna were not, of course, a random sample from their country's population. They had obviously been selected with care and brought to Europe, or sent from their Iron Curtain universities, at great expense. Even with all of these qualifications, however, the fact remains that the number of capable and competent Communist leaders from the Middle East and Africa was extraordinarily high and that they commanded an obvious respect from those in their delegations who were not Communist.

And yet, one could not help but feeling that the Communism of some of the young Festival leaders from the underdeveloped countries was subordinate to their nationalism. In almost every case, they approached their statement of the Party line from the

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standpoint of its support for nationalist movements. They usually argued the "two camp" theory of the late Stalin period rather than the more sophisticated line of "peaceful co-existence." And they tended toward a xenophobia, particularly an anti-Americanism, that was shunned in official statements by almost all of the older, established Communist delegations. For a while it appeared that the struggle between Kassim and the Iraqi Communists would break out during the Festival. Had this happened, it would have been fascinating to watch the split which would have taken place in the various middle Eastern delegations. (As it was, one participant reported a fight between Jordanian Communists and Arab Communists from Israel over the question of Israel.)

The Communist cadre was, of course, a minority in the Afro-Asian delegations. Among the Indians, the Ceylonese, the youth of the Belgian Congo, the Algerians and other delegations from underdeveloped countries, there was sophistication about Communism and its power rule. Still, the indelible impression, the disturbing fact, was the caliber of the Communist minority. The care which the various Communist countries have lavished on these young people—the scholarships, the free tours, the careful courtship—has not been wasted.

FINALLY, one of the most fascinating spectacles at the Festival took place within the American delegation, but far away from the factional disputes and at even greater remove from the great mass meetings. On the whole, the American delegation, and particularly the anti-Communists, seemed to be naive and much less "political" than the various European groups. In arguments with Communists, there was a tendency either not to give at all, and to defend every last act of American foreign policy, or to concede too much. On the one hand, a young American told me that all the Latin Americans at the Festival were Communist because they all spoke of American imperialism! On the other, a young American anti-Communist explained to me that Ho Chi Minh was enormously popular in North Vietnam and would inevitably win in free elections if his country were unified!

The fact was that many of the Americans who came to educate others about Communism were themselves educated in the process. Under the blows of Communist (and non-Communist socialist and radical) argument, many of the Americans became more thoughtful, more critical, more open. For some it was a matter of making the discovery that the Austrian socialists and the International Union of Socialist Youth, far from being almost the same thing as Communists, were engaged in a vigorous information program which reached delegates from every corner of the globe. For others, it was a question of understanding the role of oil in American policy in the Middle East, or of coming to terms with the passionate attacks of Latin American delegates about American support of Batista or the doings of the United Fruit Company.

The result was that many of the Americans were themselves changed in the process of trying to change the Communists and the people from the uncommitted nations. The Festival itself, of course, was kept one-sided with careful calculation, aiming at Western injustice only. In most cases, the complaints, the speeches, the demonstrations, were based upon half truths and this had its effect. If the huge Nazi-like rallies did not bring any Americans close to Communism (and, for that matter, deeply offended at least one pro-Communist with whom I talked), they did raise questions, and this was the most important thing that I saw happen to the Americans at the Festival.

One suspects that the organizers of the Seventh Youth Festival will not schedule the Eighth in a country with democratic freedoms. Too many Communists and youths from uncommited delegations were tainted by their contact with the free discussion and the literature which managed to escape the net of the Communist commissars and commandos. And, on the other hand, more than one American delegate who came primed as a simple anti-Communist will see the world's problems with different eyes when he returns to the United States.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA

"It would be my prayer to God that, whether it were with much ado or little, both thou and all those who are listening to me today should become just such as I am, but for these chains." —*ACTS, 27-29.*

His was the static strength of unrung bells,
the potency of seed, of sun, of majesty
to pitch me armored from an armored horse
and lead me out of chains and Caesar's cells
from Rome to Crete to Sidon by the sea.

Festus mocks me as mad, demands my death
and tries to balk me with this stingless hoax.
Before this throne, this court, I swear my lord
could walk and sooth a wild Genesareth
as you could walk to me or smooth your cloaks

or wipe the wrinkles from a tablecloth.
Chosen, I will cross for him the crossless hills,
swim far from shipwreck fearless of the shark
and scroll epistles out of Antioch
to crack the chains of any Caesar's will.

SAMUEL HAZO.

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The Place of Pascal

by MARTIN TURNELL

PASCAL is a difficult author because his work invites wildly differing personal interpretations. He was, moreover, a passionate, intemperate, almost a violent character, and he lived in an age which was both an opportunity and a temptation. Christians had been profoundly disturbed in their faith by the religious wars of the sixteenth century and by the advances in the physical sciences. Unbelief was widespread, open, militant. The wars of religion had also led to strife and division within the Church.

In France, as we know, the two main parties were the Jansenists and the Jesuits. The Jansenists based their views on a long, posthumous Latin treatise called the *Augustinus* in which Cornelius Jansenius, a former bishop of Ypres, gave an interpretation of St. Augustine's teaching on Grace. Although Jansenism had a doctrinal foundation and was colored by Protestant theories of the Fall, Predestination and Grace, it was much more an attitude of mind than a matter of precise beliefs. While the quarrel between Jansenist and Jesuit may appear to turn on intricate questions of theology, it was really a clash between opposing attitudes. In the framework of the age Jansenism represented an intensely puritanical reaction against the undoubted laxity of faith and practice. The Jansenists were hostile to the Jesuits because they thought, not without reason, that the Society stood for compromise with the spirit of the age, for an attempt to convert the unbeliever by toning down the "hard sayings" and rounding off the jagged edges of the Catholic faith—an attitude which was reflected in the title of a contemporary religious work called *La Dévotion aisée*.

The conflict between Jansenist and Jesuit and his own relations with the *libertins* provided Pascal with the subjects of his two most famous works. Although the Jansenists wrote at interminable length on theological questions, they did not command the grace of style which was necessary to make an impact on the educated layman. And Pascal, of course, is one of the greatest masters of prose-style who has ever written in French. When Arnauld, the Jansenist theologian, was condemned by the Sorbonne and deprived of his office, the party used Pascal as their spokesman; they furnished the arguments and he did the writing.

Mr. Turnell, a regular contributor, is the author of the recently published *The Art of French Fiction* (New Directions).

Ernest Mortimer describes Pascal, in his *Blaise Pascal: The Life and Work of a Realist* (Harper. $4.), as "highly inflammable, with a low flash-point." And in one of the ablest monographs yet written on Pascal, Msgr. Romano Guardini observed that there was something "frightening" about the man. He was frightening because his violence, his "low flash-point" and complete absence of a sense of humor carried him into very dangerous places. *The Provincial Letters* are a masterpiece of French prose; but it is scarcely too much to say that, from every other point of view, their effects were wholly bad. Their effect on religious life was bad because they fostered the internal strife which undoubtedly weakened the Church in France and contributed to its collapse at the time of the French Revolution. Their immediate effect on the author was bad because they provided a release for feelings which no Catholic can really approve.

THE PROVINCIAL LETTERS are a polemical work. Although controversialists often grow hot under the collar and though controversy can easily turn into polemic, there is an important difference between the two. The controversialist aims at the destruction of the other man's ideas; the polemical writer aims at the destruction of the *man himself*. The earlier letters are an ironical account of a theological dispute which Pascal purports to describe for the edification or the amusement of a friend living in the provinces; in the later letters he abandons the pretense and delivers a frontal attack on individual Jesuits which is animated by something that looks very like hate.

The ultimate effect of the letters on the writer is a matter of uncomfortable speculation. The Church had begun by condemning as heretical five propositions which were said to be contained in the *Augustinus*. The Jansenists at once drew the famous distinction between the question of "fact"and the question of "right." They agreed that the propositions were heretical, but denied that they were to be found in the *Augustinus*. In order to put the matter beyond doubt, the Church then condemned the book lock, stock and barrel.

But in seventeenth century France a papal bull only became effective when it had been registered by Parliament, and there are grounds for believing that Pascal's personal intervention delayed registration of the bull

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condemning the *Augustinus* for five years. Nor was that the end. At one moment Pascal advised Port-Royal to submit and sign the declaration required of all French priests and religious. Then he suddenly changed his mind, advised against signature and adopted an attitude which amounted to defiance of the authority of the Pope. A few months before his death he withdrew from all public controversy, but his position over the condemnation remained equivocal. The priest who heard his last confession seems to have given him the benefit of the doubt. In charity we must do the same, but the doubt persists.

The difficulty of understanding Pascal has been aggravated further by insoluble textual problems. His Apology for religion is not only unfinished; we do not know, and we shall never know for certain, in what order he would have assembled his material, what he would have included and what he would have omitted. The work of interpretation therefore begins as soon as an editor sits down to prepare his text. Nothing like a complete edition of the text appeared until the middle of the nineteenth century. Actually, it is only during the past twenty-five years that a serious attempt has been made to discover the author's own plan for presenting his work.

The fragmentary state in which the material was left has inevitably been a temptation to editors to publish tendentious selections from his "thoughts," and they have often succumbed. The rot set in with the first, or Port-Royal, edition, in which the boldness of Pascal's thought was discreetly toned down in the interests of religious peace. In the eighteenth century Condorcet omitted all references to the supernatural in the manuscript and produced a sort of "Agnostic's Apology." The Romantics invented "the anguished Pascal," who has been succeeded in our own time by Claudel's "sick man" and Mr. Aldous Huxley's "life-hater." Thanks largely to the researches of MM. Lafuma and Mesnard, opinion is now moving in the opposite direction: a Christian humanist is now emerging, a little shakily it is true, from the confusion of the manuscripts.

PASCAL'S Apology for religion, which is known to the world as the *Pensées,* was written for the conversion of the free-thinking intelligentsia with whom he mixed during the worldly periods of his career and who were to some extent his friends. He was not, perhaps, so much of an anti-rationalist as he is sometimes said to have been. He knew, however, that the traditional arguments for the existence of God would make no appeal to the supercilious *libertins.* The unbeliever, he said, despised religion and was afraid that it might be true. His task was to show that religion was worthy of love and respect, to make the man of good will wish that it were true, then to prove that it was true. In religious apologetics the seventeenth century marked the change from metaphysics to psychology, the partial abandonment of the Thomist proofs and a preoccupation with the mental processes of the believer, or unbeliever.

Pascal spoke very ill of Descartes, but he clearly belongs to the line of apologists which runs from Descartes through Newman (who disapproved of him) and Kierkegaard to Bergson. Although he relies, or appears to rely, on the historical proofs of the truth of Christianity, the core of his work is a highly penetrating, if decidedly depressing, analysis of human nature. He describes "the wretchedness of man without God," proceeds from this to argue the necessity of God, and finally makes what can only be called a direct appeal to religious experience in the distinction between "heart" and "reason," and the theory of "the Wager" which Mr. Mortimer describes, with felicity, as "a sort of artificial respiration of the soul."

Ernest Mortimer's book has given us an admirable short introduction to his difficult subject, one that is easy to read and often enlivened by a neat turn of phrase. He gives a sympathetic account of Pascal's life, a clear survey of the religious situation which produced his works, and as balanced and sensible an interpretation of the works themselves as we have any right to expect.

On this last point, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that Pascal was neither a theologian, a philosopher nor, in the accepted sense, a thinker. He was essentially an *artist,* a supreme artist with a unique sensibility who imposes himself on the reader by the sheer force of his style. It is this that makes him a fascinating and dangerous example.

The tension of his work, his love of paradox, the continual balancing of faith and doubt, greatness and wretchedness, the invitation to take the leap which may land you in Paradise or in one of those terrifying "abysses" which haunt his mind, explain why he is the originator of that pervasive religious unrest which has proved immensely popular in our own day among eminent French writers who (with an eye to the public) have recorded the alternations of faith and doubt in bulky private diaries. These qualities in his work may also explain why the present writer once described him, not perhaps altogether justly, as "the poisoned well."

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An Exchange of Views

"Science and the Church"

Louisville, Ky.

TO THE EDITORS: Professor Herzfeld missed an opportunity of placing the Church's relation to science in a truer light. His article "Science and the Church" (May 22), staying as it does within the well-worn framework of discussions of this sort, fails to direct attention to the *historical* and *cultural* origins of experimental science. So he fails to do full justice to the subject.

During the last half-century and more, scholars of renown, like Pierre Duhem, Annaliese Maier, and Alistair Crombie, have shown that our modern experimental science originated in the Catholic culture of medieval Europe, notably in thirteenth and fourteenth century Oxford and Paris. Alistair Crombie, who is at present University Lecturer in the History of Science at Oxford University, has presented the latest conclusions of research in this field in two recently published books. In his work entitled *Robert Grosseteste and the Origins of Experimental Science,* Crombie says that the modern systematic understanding of the experimental method was created by the philosophers of the West in the thirteenth century. "It was they who transformed the Greek geometrical method into the experimental science of the modern world."

The thinkers who did this were predominantly theologians of the Augustinian school, and therefore were strongly influenced by the neo-Platonism in St. Augustine's thought. This can be seen in their mathematical view of the universe and in their metaphysics of light—both central Platonic doctrines. Combined with the technical experimental interests of the medieval European scholar, this neo-Platonism was to issue into the mathematical physics which has revolutionized our modern era.

As Crombie says: "Grosseteste by giving his 'light metaphysics' a new physical meaning and relating it to geometrical optics transformed it into mathematical physics and brought it into the realm of experimental verifiability . . . ." Under Grosseteste's influence thirteenth and early fourteenth century Augustinian thinkers like Roger Bacon, Witelo and Theodoric of Frieburg made great strides in the science of optics at the same time acquiring a better control over the new scientific method they had created. Crombie tells us that this new combination of mathematics with experiment in the study of the physical world spread all over medieval Europe, notably to Paris in the fourteenth century and to Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In Italy it was taken up by Leonardo da Vinci and by Galileo and achieved its greatest triumphs in the seventeenth century with Kepler, Galileo, Descartes and finally Newton.

We might note that Pierre Duhem dates the beginning of modern science from the time of the condemnation in 1277 of various Aristotelian theses in physics and cosmology. Their condemnation by the Bishop of Paris and the Archbishop of Canterbury brought to a head the anti-Aristotelian forces in medieval Europe, and from this time onwards the anti-Aristotelian movement in physics and astronomy grew stronger. Duhem concludes that a hundred years after the condemnation, when Nicole Oresme published his *Treatise on Heaven and Earth* in 1377, "all the essential principles of Aristotle's physics were undermined and the great controlling ideas of modern science were formulated."

Oresme himself strongly favored Plato over Aristotle, thus continuing the combination of Platonism and mathematical physics; so it should not be surprising to find later scientists like Copernicus, Kepler and Galileo thinking in terms of pythagorean Platonism. Considering also that Newton and Robert Boyle were strongly motivated by a theistic world view, it is surprising to read Professor Herzfeld's statement that "science . . . is closely related to . . . a combination of pragmatism and logical positivism." Positivists and pragmatists might have climbed onto the scientific bandwagon; they certainly didn't build it.

The theories of motion that Professor Herzfeld tells us were put forward by the seventeenth century astronomers were in fact developments out of the new non-Aristotelian doctrines on motion—the "impetus" theory, for example—that were being formulated in fourteenth century Paris by such thinkers as John Buridan, Albert of Saxony and Nicole Oresme. Professor Butterfield points this out in his Cambridge University lectures on the *Origin of Modern Science.* To quote Crombie once more, "In the fourteenth century these ideas (i.e. of mathematical physics) led to the first attempt to express qualities in terms of measurements. At the same time motion, where the statically conceived Greek geometry had been impotent, was first treated mathematically, thus leading to the foundation of the science of kinematics."

We might further note that if Galileo had been born in the fourteenth century and had gone to Paris, his

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astronomical theories would have caused little adverse comment. The theory that the earth was in motion round the heavens was known from the earliest years of the fourteenth century; and Oresme discussed it towards the end of the century, showing that it presents no special difficulties either scientifically or theologically.

Contrary to what Professor Herzfeld says, science is as much a cultural phenomenon as is Christian culture; in fact, science arose out of Christian culture. Both Christopher Dawson and Crombie have shown how experimental science is unique to Christian culture; no other civilization developed it. Dawson even says that science is the most important as well as the most interesting secular effect of Christianity.

It is high time that the findings of scholars like Duhem, Maier and Crombie—not to mention the conclusions arrived at by the more general historians of science like George Sarton of the Carnegie Institution and Lynn Thorndike of Columbia—were made available to the public in general and to Catholics in particular. By showing people that our modern science originated in the medieval universities of Catholic Christendom, we would be going a long way to portraying the connection between the Church and science in a truer and therefore more profitable light.

MICHAEL P. SLATTERY.

REPLY

Silver Spring, Md.

TO THE EDITORS: Mr. Slattery makes a helpful contribution by giving some highlights of the fascinating history of late medieval and early renaissance science. I agree that I did not do full justice to my subject, having left out this early history. This was inevitable in the space of an article. Why did I leave out this early history, and instead cover what I did? I am not unaware of this early history. But I am convinced that it is vastly more important to consider the problems which I have raised than to belabor the point that the antecedents of modern science came out of Catholic culture. (Everything which came out of Western Europe between the 12th and the 16th Centuries, whether good, bad, or indifferent, came out of Catholic culture.) Since then science has moved on and scientists are no longer part of a Catholic culture. The Church must speak to the scientists of today, however, *not* to those of the 14th or even the 17th Century. While early history is helpful here, it is not the key to the problem.

Surely there are connections between the very early scientists and Galileo on the one hand, and between Galileo and today's physicists on the other hand. But to make the connection between the very early and the modern scholars as close as Mr. Slattery implies is only wishful thinking. Another point: of course Galileo was affected by the "impetus theories"—as is now known, it took him years to get over the false starts he made because of them. Leonardo da Vinci's contributions to science have been reexamined carefully quite recently. As a consequence, it has become clear that he made no important discoveries in mechanics, contrary to earlier opinions. However, he discovered some extremely important qualitative features of the motion of fluids, chiefly through his genius for accurate observation, not because of any synthesis of mathematics and experiment.

Mr. Slattery is surprised to read that "science . . . is closely related to . . . a combination of pragmatism and logical positivism." He goes on to say that "Positivists and pragmatists might have climbed onto the scientific bandwagon; they certainly didn't build it." If Mr. Slattery seriously believes that modern science was not deeply affected by logical positivism and by pragmatism, then he must be totally uninformed about the changes in science and in the intellectual climate of science over the last seventy-five years. To name only two concrete examples: the stormy debate between Mach and Boltzmann concerning the reality of atoms, and the argument between Mach, Poincaré and Einstein concerning the nature of scientific explanation have done more to form the intellectual climate in modern science than all the ideas of Kepler, Galileo, Newton and Boyle combined.

Mr. Slattery may not agree with me when I maintain that this positivist-pragmatist influence exists. I only urge that he go out into the scientific community and look and listen for a while. He ignores the questions I have raised and exhibits precisely the automatic defense reflexes which are such common reactions to attempts to answer these questions.

A final point. "George Sarton of the Carnegie Institution" left the Carnegie Institution in 1920 to become Professor of the History of Science at Harvard, where he remained until his death three years ago. He was a great scholar indeed, and saw clearly both the value and the limitations of the contributions of the very early scientists.

CHARLES M. HERZFELD.

TWO APPEALS

A community of Capuchins in hard-pressed Kerala needs funds to complete a small house and chapel. Gifts may be sent to: The Capuchin Fathers, St. Bonaventure Friary, Varavukad (Perumanoor), Ernakulam 1, Kerala State, India. Salesians in a sector of Assam laid waste by floods need $180 a month to feed their destitute orphans. Readers may send donations to Rev. Denis Troncana, S.D.B., Don Bosco's Boys Home of Assam, India, % The Bank of America, 660 S. Spring St., Los Angeles 54, Calif.

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THE SCREEN

SUMMER ROUNDUP

HERE'S AN end-of-summer sale with brief comments on several of the current films. As might be expected during the vacation season, films for young folk and adults who would look at anything to get into an air-conditioned theater predominate.

The Big Fisherman is Lloyd C. Douglas' first-century novel in Technicolor and wide-screen, deep-focus Panavision. St. Peter could very well have been the robust, vigorous fellow that Howard Keel portrays so effectively, but unfortunately the movie is mainly about a half-Judean, half-Arabian princess (Susan Kohner) who swears to kill her father, Herod-Antipas, the wicked Tetrach of Galilee (Herbert Lom). Her conversion to the Nazarene through His sermons and miracles is by no mean as convincing as that of Simon Peter whose spiritual struggle is impressive. Teenagers, spellbound by the romance between Miss Kohner and John Saxon, may not object to Frank Borzage's slow direction or the film's three-hour running time.

Hercules is an export from Italy in which the half-god, half-man is played by muscular Steve Reeves. Its ridiculous story, stemming only vaguely from the Greek myth, is a little complicated for adults, but kids, absorbed in Hercules' struggles with the Nemean lion, the Cretan bull and the wild-eyed Amazons, will have sense enough not to take the plot very seriously. Since it has dubbed-in English dialogue and no sub-titles to read, this film might be just the thing to send the young fry to if you want a little peace and quiet around the house.

The Big Circus was probably designed for youngsters who will look at its plethora of high-wire acts and animals in gaudy Technicolor and overlook the plethora of clichés in the story about a harassed circus owner (Victor Mature) who has to put up with a bank's representative (Red Buttons), a female press agent (Rhonda Fleming), a sister (Kathryn Grant) who wants to fly with the aerialists, and a saboteur from a competing road show. Gilbert Roland, who walks across Niagara on a high wire, adds to the excitement, but none of the stars can save the sagging plot.

A Private's Affair is a sort of frothy ice cream soda for teenagers who are sure to find several living dolls in its attractive, youthful cast. As draftees, Sal Mineo, Gary Crosby and Barry Coe sing a song about "The Same Old Army" and fall for the charms of Terry Moore, Barbara Eden and Christine Carere. They all have cause to be upset, however, when Barry finds himself married to the Assistant Secretary of the Army (Jessie Royce Landis). This thin case of mistaken identity is played for laughs which soon run dry. In the end youth triumphs and comes up for another song and dance.

Blue Denim, made from last season's play, is about but not for teenagers. It concerns a couple of naive highschool kids who don't know whom to turn to when they are "in trouble." The lonely motherless girl (Carol Lynley), who cannot communicate with her father, finds herself pregnant. The unhappy boy (Brandon de Wilde, and badly miscast), who cannot communicate with his busy parents, is shocked to find himself an expectant father. They decide on abortion —although the boy's chum (Warren Berlinger) makes it clear that this is akin to murder; and after one of the grimmest scenes the movies have ever come up with, the girl is saved by the two fathers. While the parents do not insist on marriage, the film ends sadly with the boy and girl going away together. No doubt all this is meant to be a commentary on the unfortunate lack of communication and understanding between parents and children, but it winds up as a tasteless and unconvincing mixture of comedy and tragedy, a film that would much better have been left unmade.

The Scapegoat, based on Daphne Du Maurier's novel, comes to the screen with a very impressive cast, most of whose efforts are wasted. Alec Guinness plays a quiet English don who, while vacationing in France, is forced to take the place of an unholy and francless French nobleman. (The nobleman, whose role, naturally, is also played by Guinness, looks exactly like the Englishman.) The don's problems are further aggravated by the nobleman's dope-taking mother (Bette Davis), by his embittered wife (Irene Worth), by his hateful sister (Pamela Brown), by his lovely but thoroughly mixed-up daughter (Annabel Bartlett)— and by the nobleman's mistress (Nicole Maurey), who turns out to be quite helpful. Although the story is intriguing and the production good, Director Robert Hamer, who also wrote the script with Gore Vidal, never makes this the thriller it should be, and the film, with its unmotivated scenes and characters, is more confused than mysterious.

North By Northwest is Alfred Hitchcock at his best, thanks to the clever original script written by Ernest Lehman and the fine cast and interesting locales used to advantage by Producer-director Hitchcock. Cary Grant is both the hunter and hunted in this chase thriller, which starts in the Plaza Hotel in New York and skips to Long Island, to the U.N. Building, to Grand Central Station, to a train, to various choice spots in Chicago, to one stunning scene in the middle of nowhere in Indiana and, finally, to Mt. Rushmore, where Cary and Eva Marie Saint have to hang on for dear life between the heads of Washington and Jefferson. The plot, a mistaken-identity affair involving Grant with the Government and spies and counterspies, doesn't bear too close inspection, and some of the

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humor and romantic touches are definitely not for the children. But the film is fast and racy and funny and exciting and, needless to say, entertaining adult fare.

A Hole in the Head is an attempt at a tear-jerking comedy about a widower father and his little son. It depicts the Miami Beach locale well; it has its funny moments when Edward G. Robinson and Thelma Ritter turn up as the man's brother and sister-in-law who want to adopt the motherless boy; and it has a few poignant scenes with Frank Sinatara as the irresponsible father and Master Eddie Hodges as the youngster determined to stay with him. But the picture is pretty thin and occasionally in dubious taste. Scriptwriter Arnold Schulman, unable to decide whether he was writing about a Jewish or Italian family, made them a mixture of both. And Producer-director Frank Capra stretched the whole thing too long in striving for laughs and tears. It is regrettable that the fine film maker who once gave us the thoughtful and entertaining "Mr. Deeds" and "Mr. Smith" should stoop to such mediocrity.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

BOOKS

Fascinating Study of an Ecclesiastical Free-Lance

ABBOT EXTRAORDINARY: A Memoir of Aelred Carlyle, O.S.B. By Peter F. Anson. Sheed & Ward. $4.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

THE FOUNDER of the Caldey Community was a rum one, and no mistake. Born in 1874, and christened Ben, at the age of thirteen, in the Argentine, he decided, upon reading a Tractarian period-piece, that his mission was to revive Benedictine monasticism in the Church of England. At eight he had loved dressing up and holding services for his brother and sisters; at fifteen, he attended his first Catholic Mass; at Blundells School (Church of England) he read the *Imitation* and "unpleasant interviews with the headmaster followed." At sixteen he stayed at the Charterhouse in Sussex. Later, he became an Anglican oblate to a convent of Church of England nuns living in Twickenham, directed by their chaplain, a Father Dale.

Ben took the name of Aelred after reading Father Dalgairns life of Aelred of Rievaulx, and the further saga of Brother Aelred's odyssey is serio-comic in the extreme. A medical student for four years, he was unable to qualify for ordination in the Church of England, not having sufficient academic qualifications. So "Abbott" Aelred hied him across the Atlantic to Bishop Grafton of Fond du Lac, who ordained him deacon on November 12, 1904 and priest three days later. Archbishop Macyan of York insisted this ordination should be kept secret!

At that time, open warfare had been declared between the "Catholic" and "Protestant" wings of the Church of England. To match the virulence of the Kensitites and other Evangelical groups, the Anglo-Catholics were, Peter Anson says, "militant in the extreme. Catholics of the Latin rite in Britain were regarded as a schismatic sect, which had broken away from the true Catholic Church of England in the reign of Elizabeth. They were usually referred to as 'The Italian Mission'; if not, as 'The Church of the Irish.' Anglicans who were weak enough to 'go over to Rome' were dismissed as 'perverts' who had betrayed the 'Church of their baptism.' "

Of course such Anglo-Catholics were (and are) still a minority in the Church of England. The two archbishops viewed them as a nuisance.

Both archbishops at that time were married, held Prayer book services, and made no protest when the King, in Scotland, took communion in the Presbyterian Church, of which he is as much head as he (or now the queen is head) of the Church of England.

Father Aelred was, for quite a time, the only "Abbot" in the Anglican communion (self-appointed, of course). He was financed by Lord Halifax, who had hoped to keep him in Yorkshire, but who was highly delighted with Caldey, which became famous as a mental hospital, owing to the "Abbot's" hypnotic powers. "His own eyes provided the necessary bright object for them to gaze at, while his voice gave the essential stimulation by verbal suggestions. The majority of those who placed themselves under his direction appear to have been neuropaths, and this made them ideal predisposed subjects."

Peter Anson brilliantly describes Benjamin Carlyle at thirty-five. For the Church of England authorities, he was a clerk in holy orders, licensed to minister in the chapel of the charitable institution of which he was in charge. In his own estimation, he was Abbot General of the English Congregation of the Strict Observance of the Holy Rule of St. Benedict. "Actually, he was nothing more than an ecclesiastical free-lance subject to no external authority ". . . entirely on his own authority, this clergyman, irregularly ordained in the United States, had assumed pontifical regalia."

Caldey seems to have been a strange community. Embraces, both ceremonial and non-ceremonial, were allowed as symbolical of fraternal charity, and a real hug and kisses on the cheek were given and received at the *Pax* in the conventual Mass. The supposed bones of Richard Whyting, who had been hanged, drawn and quartered for his allegiance to the Papacy in 1539, were enshrined by the pseudo-Abbot who "withheld obedience to the same spiritual authority for which Richard Whyting was willing to lay down his life."

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Obviously, no one could long have endured such ambiguity. For "Abbot" Aelred, the bread and wine became, in Holy Communion, the Body and Blood of Christ Our Lord. He was therefore obliged to adore Them: not to have done so would have been blasphemy. For the majority of members of the Church of England the bread and wine are memorials, nothing more: to adore them is idolatry. Little wonder that on March 5, 1913, the Abbot of Caldey, and with him twenty-two of the twenty-three members of his community, were corporately reconciled with the Catholic Church. For the rest of his long life the ex-abbot remained a loyal and devout Catholic, finding his true vocation as a diocesan priest in the slums and prisons of Vancouver.

Peter Anson is uniquely qualified to write about Abbot Aelred, for he was a member of the community at Caldey for fourteen years, and was reconciled to Rome with his abbot. This is a detailed and sympathetic account of one of the strangest "sports" the religious life ever produced. And the Church of England and the Catholic Church both come out excellently well as prudent and compassionate mothers: the Anglican hierarchy behaved with admirable circumspection towards so erratic a son; but it was Rome who removed the fuss and flummery, and turned this self-styled abbot into the "friend of the friendless" to whom the Protestant city of Vancouver in gratitude gave its homage and affection.

In His Own Right

TURGENEV. By Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Orion Press. $6.

BY RICHARD GILMAN

IT IS TURGENEV'S fate to have been the contemporary of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky and consequently to suffer from our infatuation with bigness. The best we usually manage to do for him is adduce him as additional evidence, as lagniappe at that nineteenth-century feast of the novel. "And Turgenev, too!" we roll our eyes, as though it's all too much, we can't eat another thing after those portions, but then you can always find room for dessert. . . .

At worst, we see him as a distinctly minor writer over whose head the great storms of his age passed without his having appropriated their thunder.

The virtue of Yarmolinsky's book, to the small extent that it is a literary study, is that it refuses to apologize for Turgenev and makes an effort to get him out from under Tolstoy's and Dostoevsky's shadows into a light where his features can shine with their own intensity and special truth. Turgenev is not an inferior literary dog, Yarmolinsky is at some pains to say, but a cat.

If he lacked Tolstoy's epic size and Dostoevsky's familiarity with the abyss, he possessed his own proper novelistic resources, and it can be maintained that he did more with them than his larger contemporaries did with theirs. He was interested in light, perspective, the outlines and boundaries of things; he was admirably economical; wasting nothing and effecting everything, sometimes, with miraculous brevity; a master of placement and timing, he relied on vivid understatement and orderly revelations. His work sprang less from imagination than from a sensibility of rare acuteness and lucidity.

"The beautiful genius," Henry James called him, and, more importantly for us, "the novelist's novelist." In the essay on Tolstoy and Turgenev, where he makes the point that we learn more about literature from writers like the latter than from the shaggy giants whose vision is inimitable and whose methods are wayward and provide no example, James goes on to fix Turgenev's permanent qualities and locate his position: ". . . his air is that of the great central region of passion and motive, of the usual, the inevitable, the intimate. . . ." And he speaks of Turgenev's great concern with character, "character expressed and exposed," which was his "sufficient drama."

There are echoes of James's appreciation in Yarmolinsky's book, and it does offer some of its own, but, as I have said, it isn't very much concerned with Turgenev's art, being a rather straightforward literary biography without flamboyance or lapse of taste, but without special distinction, either. Yet we are not likely to get a more detailed account of the Russian's life and times for a good many years.

What is most interesting in Turgenev's life is how it bore upon his work, and the central element in that is his station between Russia and the West. He spent almost all his later years in Germany and France, returning to Russia for only brief visits, to "sniff the air." Yet his themes remained Russian: he recorded, with a sensitivity and scrupulousness that got him lionized though also calumniated, the unrest, ambivalence and passion for change and regeneration that were sweeping the land. Caught between the Slavophiles and the Westernizers, he wished only to be faithful to his civilized vision, a man of limits in an age of crumbling dams.

Turgenev's loves and friendships occupy a good deal of Yarmolinsky's space. He never married, but had an illegitimate daughter by a serving-girl and a number of other fragmentary liaisons. But at the center was the forty-year-long, probably unconsummated love affair with the singer Pauline Viardot, into whose family he was eventually taken, a huge, amiable uncle-bear of enormous charm and dependability.

With Tolstoy he was never at ease, though their agitated friendship survived in some form; with Dostoevsky it was a question of such antipathy on both sides that communication was impossible. He had had close friendships in his youth, but only toward the end of his life was he able to make an exchange of gifts with men his equal. Flaubert, Zola, Leon Daudet and Edmond de Goncourt, but especially Flaubert, were his intimates then. James came, too, to marvel at the nobility and richness of spirit of the "ad-

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mirable Russian," whom he described as "the model of the strong man at rest," something his serene art alone would have told us.

Sensitive Youth

THE SEED. By Pierre Gascar. Little, Brown. $3.50.

By CHARLES MONAGHAN

AFTER READING *Bonjour Tristesse,* Francois Mauriac is supposed to have branded Francoise Sagan as "a devil." I have always thought that this epithet was hurled not because of Mlle. Sagan's penchant for writing suggestive scenes, but because she made delightful fun in her first book of one of the most entrenched of French literary clichés—the awakening of the sensitive youth.

This cliché, a dreary hangover of romanticism, has been abused by numerous French writers, including Gide, Raymond Radiguet, Colette and Mauriac himself. Fortunately American literature, usually so quick to pick up foreign traditions, has generally been spared this one. *Huckleberry Finn* has had a healthy effect on American writings about youth, and the heroes who follow Huck—like Nick Adams and Holden Caulfield—are all sane and intelligent as well as "sensitive." The tone of American novels of youth differs radically from that of similar French works, or of the recent French-influenced products of the Japanese novel.

The device of the sensitive youth is used hungrily by Pierre Gascar in his latest novel, *The Seed.* The novel, which strongly smacks of undigested autobiography, tells of a young boy who, upon the death of his mother, is sent to live with a poor aunt and uncle in the French hinterlands. The only notable contribution of M. Gascar is the tracing of the effect of poverty on the actions of the townspeople. He mainly concerns himself, though, with the repercussions on the mind of the boy of birth, sickness and death, and since this is a French novel, of sex. Our young lad, of pre-communion age, has a subsexual, *voyeur* relationship with a little girl, but being a true Frenchman, he likes to think of himself as her "lover."

Everything fortunately ends quickly as the boy's father comes from Paris to rescue him. Then follows the kind of saccharine paragraph that I can almost recite by heart: "I went on looking coldly out the window, and then started to cry in silence. I cried with joy, with pride, and with resentment against this everyday world, these familiar faces, against the bare-backed horse, the dog, against the trees and stones of the marketplace, and against the light of day. Then, with my mouth twisted both in silent sorrow and by a smile of joy, I cried for the passing of my bitter childhood." If this were Huck, he would, of course, be urging his father to get him out of town as quickly as possible.

M. Gascar is not satisfied with this conclusion though. He goes on to deliver a message: "No matter where I was sent, to the state school or elsewhere, I would not be alone. As long as a single human being suffers under others, there will never be too many of us to endure that suffering."

New Associates

Progress in the Commonweal Associates campaign is encouraging. Readers have continued to send in Charter and Sustaining Memberships ($100 and $50 respectively) or other contributions. Here are the new members enrolled since June 8.

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Gertrude M. Hart, New York
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College Humor

WAKE UP, STUPID. By Mark Harris. Knopf. $1.45. (Paper.)

By JOHN P. SISK

GIVEN THE extent to which the university has become the writer's patron, novels with university backgrounds and writer-professor protagonists are inevitable. If they suggest a kind of literary inbreeding (something like but more complicated than the pre-war musical comedy in which actors played the part of actors engaged in making a musical comedy), most of them have at least the saving grace of observing critically, if not caustically, the environment that makes

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them possible. Taken together, and considered apart from whatever literary value they have, they help to keep the grooves of academe from becoming the rather stuffy bowers of bliss they have a natural tendency to be.

Taken individually as publishing ventures, however, their prospects are still dim, since most of the people who read novels have not yet come to think of a university environment as one in which novels happen. Mr. Harris, nevertheless, makes his university novel happen quite satisfactorily. *Wake Up, Stupid* is a genuinely funny book and it is also (one must for some reason hastily add, as if the contrary were all too likely) a serious one.

Wake Up, Stupid covers approximately one important and hectic month in the life of Lee Youngdahl, father of seven, successful novelist and teacher of English in a San Francisco school. As the story opens he has just sent off to his semi-literate New York agent a four-pound, one-act play and is negotiating over a television version of one of his novels. His interests are further dispersed among parachute jumping, prize fighting (he owns a piece of a promising heavyweight), and teaching (the title of the novel is a characteristic admonition to his enthralled students). He is sometimes bewildered, sometimes also involved (wistfully and vainly) with a beautiful Broadway actress, with a feckless writer friend, with a phony writers' club and with a struggling air college. In the meantime various questions press for answers: Will he be voted tenure? Should he abandon teaching for writing? Is he menaced in any way by his excommunication from the Mormon church? Will Harvard offer him a position and should he take it if it is offered? So beset, Youngdahl conducts himself with energy, wit and imagination, if somewhat brashly and immaturely.

Eventually, after being lectured by a wiser fellow professor, after having seen with his own eyes the follies of Broadway, having been knocked out by his partially owned fighter and having driven a stolen car from New York to Chicago, he realizes that he is the stupid one who needs to wake up, that he belongs back where he came from, doing what he has proven he can do.

The story is told entirely through correspondence to and from Professor Youngdahl, and the technical achievement, considering the limitations of space and means and the complexity of people and events, is considerable. One might imagine that Mr. Harris has gone back to Samuel Richardson with Pound's *Make It New* ringing in his ears. The epistolary device, like any other, is of course as fresh or stale as the creative intelligence behind it. Here it is just what is needed to project into being Professor Youngdahl, whom I find as amusing as Mary McCarthy's Professor Mulcahy in *The Groves of Academe,* but more attractive as a person. The reader should be prepared, however, to read with an alert imagination. And it will help if he is (as I assume Mr. Harris is) on the side of Fitzgerald rather than Wolfe in the well-known argument between the taker-outers and the putter-inners.

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By Georges Huber

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Opera—Mostly Modern

FRANCIS POULENC'S "Dialogues des Carmélites" (Angel) may be the greatest opera of our time. Certainly it is the finest thing the composer has done and is in a direct line with his present preoccupation with religious themes, a preoccupation that is increasingly revealing to us an artist of major stature.

Poulenc has transferred, without the usual dilution in such matters, Bernanos's play, "Song of the Scaffold," from theater to opera house. The play's central theme is the ironic contrast of the deaths of a Carmelite mother superior and one of her young novices. After a life of ascetic perfection, the mother superior dies wretchedly, wracked by fear, doubts and physical agony. One of the nuns comments, "Her death belonged to someone else." This judgment is verified by timorous Sister Blanche who joined the convent to be sheltered from the world, but who, in the end, walks calmly and joyfully to the guillotine. This theme and the palpable sense of the Mystical Body in all the guillotine-doomed Carmelite Sisters is a radical departure from grand opera's typical love-hate-revenge plots, and it accounts, in part, for the work's tremendous impact.

Poulenc's score drives the action relentlessly forward. The restless movement of the orchestra impels the listener expectantly, even through the expositional scenes. The opera's continuous melody is slightly sensuous but always controlled and always subservient to the drama. The harrowing death of the mother superior, the sunny arias of Sister Constance, a fragile Ave Maria, the homey address of the new mother superior are remembered parts of a total song which culminates in the searing chorale at the scaffold.

The cast is the original one led by Denise Duval as Sister Blanche and Denise Scharley as the mother superior, singers whose excellence had already been acclaimed by both the composer and European critics. Pierre Dervaux directs them and the Orchestre du Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris flawlessly, catching and imparting that sense of inexorability and high Christian drama that Bernanos saw and Poulenc understood.

This seems destined to become one of our "basic" operas and the present recorded edition will be the preferred one for many years.

* * *

One hesitates to make any predictions for Prokofiev's five-act opera, "The Flaming Angel" (Westminster) because after the first shock of this bizarre story subsides, there seems to be very little of substance left. The story, based on a novel by Brussov, concerns Renata, a woman who vacillates between sex and sanctity in her relationship with an angel who has been her companion since childhood. The angel never appears, though it is conveniently incarnated, at least in Renata's imagination. The woman is on stage almost constantly, usually crawling on the floor, hallucinating or writhing convulsively. The whole thing ends up in a convent where Renata is condemned by the Grand Inquisitor while nuns and acolytes variously scream, dance, attack the Inquisitor and worship Satan.

There is a good deal of Debussy and Stravinsky in the score (written in the early twenties) but Prokofiev was always able to use derivative material in a highly personal fashion. The music's excitement and raw realism are reminiscent of his Scythian Suite in terms of sheer dynamics and drive. Principals among the excellent performers are conductor Charles Bruck and the Orchestre du Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris; Jane Rhodes as Renata; and Xavier Depraz and Irma Kolassi.

Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes" is one of those "Southern" plays obsessed with ugliness. Marc Blitzstein has kept the ugliness in "Regina" and compounded it with

Fall Prospect

This issue marks the end of The Commonweal's summer schedule, a return to publication every week. Articles scheduled for publication this fall present an inviting prospect, with such authors as Bede Griffiths, Michael Harrington, Thomas O'Dea, John Cogley (from overseas), J. L. Benvenisti and Daniel J. Callahan. A trial subscription entered now will also bring you The Commonweal's 35th Anniversary Issue.

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a hollow, hackneyed score. Of the ten singers listed in the recording (Columbia), only two—Carol Brice and Elizabeth Carron—qualify.

Menotti's latest, "Maria Golovin" (Victor) follows the Rossini-Verdi-Puccini tradition of tortured loves and richly melodic lines. The story of a blind youth's possessive love is peopled with credible characters. The score is well unified. But some soloists were chosen more for acting than singing ability. It is not surprising, then, to note the unsteadiness that faults the singing of Richard Cross, Franca Duval and others. The singing of Patricia Neway and Herbert Handt is irreproachable.

* * *

Hugo Weisgall's "The Tenor" (Westminster) is a minor work that will undoubtedly be popular in college opera workshops. The characters of the tenor, his paramour and his business manager are nicely drawn, but the music, save for a Tristan-tinged love scene, lacks distinction. Singers Richard Cassily and Doris Young are quite good; John Kuhn is considerably less than good. The Vienna State Opera Orchestra under Herbert Grossman is adequate.

Stravinsky's "Renard" (London) is one of those acidic theater pieces common in the twenties. The score is interesting but lack of a libretto makes the Fox and Rooster fable unintelligible. The recording is more important for its overside, the new-classic ballet, "Apollon Musagete." Ernest Ansermet's fine balletic sense and the lucid sound of the Suisse Romande orchestra give the astringent score its great distinction.

One notes with sadness the sharp decline of Zinka Milanov in Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" (Victor). Her high notes are gone and her middle range is unsteady and poorly produced. However, this album contains one of tenor Giuseppe di Stefano's finest performances in the role of Enzo and a marvelous La Cieca by Belen Amparan. A mixed package, but so, too, is the competing London edition.

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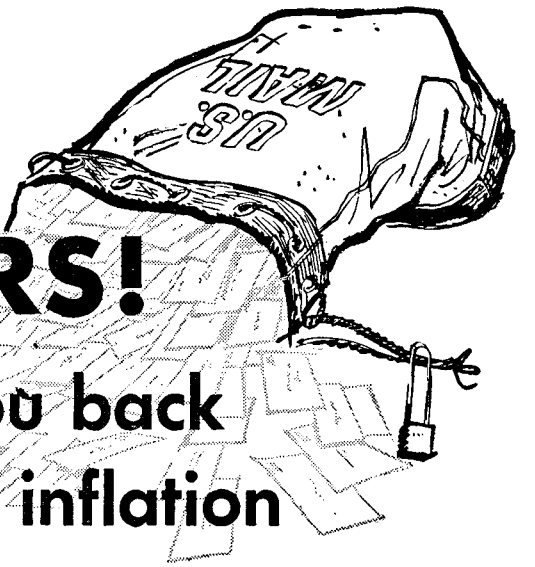
To Thousands of Americans:

THANKS FOR YOUR LETTERS!



By a 20 to 1 margin you back our stand against more inflation

Shortly after the steel strike began, we published a statement in a number of newspapers across the country. It was headed "Steel Union on Strike for More Inflation."

We told you about the highly inflationary demands of the Steelworkers Union. We told about our unsuccessful efforts to avert a strike, and the various offers and proposals we made during the course of negotiations.

At the very end of the statement we asked for your comments.

Thousands of you took the time and trouble to reply. We very much appreciate your views.

By a 20 to 1 margin you supported our stand against inflation.

A few excerpts from typical telegrams, letters, and postcards are shown in the columns below. They came from union members, housewives, retired people, businessmen, professional men, farmers—Americans from coast to coast.

To all of you we pledge that we will continue to reflect the earnest hopes of this broad section of Americans that inflation be halted.

You have already told us how you feel. Why not tell Mr. David J. McDonald, president, United Steelworkers of America. His address is 1500 Commonwealth Building, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

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I am a skilled machinist with a great dislike for writing letters. But I think every American should answer your call . . . Hold that line.
Chicago, Ill.

. . . for the first time in my life, I am going to stop and write a letter expressing my opinion . . . Congratulations . . . don't let us down in this situation. *Hartford, Conn.*

Please hold the line even if I get laid off.
Needham, Mass.

I have never gained anything from any of the former steel strikes. *Lebanon, Pa.*

Wish the day would come soon when we can vote on management's proposals. *Homestead Park, Pa.*

Although I am a member of the carpenters' union, you are 100 percent correct. *Butler, Pa.*

For the sake of our country . . . do not sign another inflationary contract.
South Milwaukee, Wis.

. . . rather than further raises, why not consider a reduction in steel costs . . . *Fort Lauderdale, Fla.*

Your decision to take a firm stand against inflation is the best news we have had for a long time.
Seattle, Wash.

Please stick to your guns—we cannot endure much more inflation. *San Diego, Calif.*

Stick to it . . . I am a working man, too.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Talking to the boys in the plant I have not found anyone who favors a strike. *Massillon, Ohio*

My brother-in-law a USW member in Gary, Ind., agrees (with the companies) and he says the majority of his fellow workers agree.
St. Paul, Minn.

Is your definition of inflation more and more profits with fewer and fewer benefits?
Indianapolis, Ind.

I support your views even though a prolonged strike will leave me without a job. *Joliet, Ill.*

I am a laboring man . . . I am convinced that this is the time to stand pat and let the labor bosses know they are not the only individuals to be considered. *Covington, Ohio*

As a member of the armed forces I represent over a million who are seriously hurt by inflation.
Chenault AFB, La.

I am a small business man whose business is adversely and directly affected by this strike . . . I am ready to endure whatever inconvenience or hardship necessary, to bring about a return of the principle of honest and fair collective bargaining.
Johnson City, Tenn.

I am a farmer and the cost of labor and material has increased to the point where I can no longer keep my buildings, fences, etc., in repair.
Manitou Beach, Mich.

Use of the word inflation as a motive to refuse higher wages is wrong. *New York, N. Y.*

I think you have been more than fair in this proposal. *Waterloo, Ia.*

Your stand on steel strike impresses me as being only intelligent answer to best interest of not only our country but of the world.
Charlotte, N. Car.

Finally you have done what should have transpired long before to check inflation and its ultimate evils. *Los Angeles, Calif.*

I would like to see and be a part of some action that would curb the power of a handful of union officials who are able to and do upset the economy. *Downers Grove, Ill.*

I am a Union man . . . I do heartily agree with your stand. *Milwaukee, Wis.*

Not one of our neighbors or friends is in favor of this present strike. *Gary, Ind.*

Inflation today is a serious business.
Westbury, N. Y.

Inflation must be halted. *Salt Lake City, Utah*

I am against anything that will add fuel to the fires of inflation. *Los Angeles, Calif.*

It is perhaps unfair to ask you, the steel companies, to suffer a strike for the good of all of us, but then I think we and you prefer this stand rather than further government controls.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Ask your grocer if more millions of dollars for the steel workers wouldn't make business better? Well, I have asked them. The answer? Not if it's taken out of the pockets of other customers. Not if it means inflation. *Canton, Ohio*

I am a member of the Utility Workers Union but do not agree with everything that is suggested by a union leader. *Warren, Ohio*

Inflation is just as disastrous as war.
Akron, Ohio

You will become unpopular in some circles, but the American working man will have cause to thank you in the long run. *St. Louis, Mo.*

It's high time the ordinary citizen was given a little consideration. *Comstock, Wis.*

I am a working man and satisfied with wages provided living costs can be kept where they are.
Chicago, Ill.

Inflation is eating the very heart out of most of the old people. My social security was increased $78 per year, but my home taxes went up $84.66.
Cincinnati, Ohio

I strongly urge a stand against wage increases.
East Aurora, N. Y.

Stop . . . before we use a wheelbarrow of money to buy a loaf of bread. *Rockford, Ill.*

I have great admiration for your courage and wisdom. *Deerfield, Ill.*

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